

DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP

A monthly magazine devoted to the collecting, preservation and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels, libraries and popular story papers.

Vol. 37 No. 11

November 15, 1968

Whole No. 434

The Anatomy of Dime Novels

#13 Temperance Stories

By J. Edward Leithead



DIME NOVEL SKETCHES NO. 107

BEADLES BOY'S LIBRARY (Octavor Edition)

Publisher: Beadle & Adams. Schedule of Issue: Weekly. Issues: 319. Dates: April 19, 1884, to May 24, 1890. Price: 5c. Size: 8¼x5¼ inches. Pages: 32. Illustrations: Black and white cover. Contents: Mostly reprints of stories first appearing in Beadles Boy's Library (quarto edition), Beadles Dime Novels, and other earlier Beadle publications.

The Anatomy of Dime Novels

#13 Temperance Stories

By J. Edward Leithead

With all the condemnation that was heaped upon dime and nickel novels in the days when we read them fresh off the newsstands—cigar stores in my case—nobody seems to have realized that Frank Tousey was something of a crusader as well as a publisher of clean, exciting stories of every variety which, even sixty-five years later, still have a potent charm for this oldtime reader. Tousey—and I believe no other publisher followed suit—issued temperance stories now and then, all of them apparently by Harvey K. Shackleford, though in Pluck and Luck he used the pseudonym "John B. Dowd."

Stanley Pachon, who suggested this subject for the Anatomy series says, quite truly, "that the dime novel in its small way was a force for good in pointing out the dangers of drink. I do feel that they made some contribution which eventually led to the Prohibition Law."

Stanley mentions further that dime novelist "Buntline in his Ned Buntline's Own was for temperance, but did not practice it. T. S. Arthur's Ten Nights in a Barroom (1854) was an important factor in building up sentiment for Prohibition. In Lyle H. Wright's American Fiction (1774-1850), published 1939, there is a long list of temperance novels. Then there was that popular recitation, The Face Upon the Floor, sometimes in error called The Face Upon the Barroom Floor, and written by Hugh Antoine D'Arcy, which appeared in the New York Dispatch, August 7, 1887. It was later included with his other poems, published under that title in book form in 1912."

The Playbook Series No. 37 was The Curse of Drink, this novel founded upon the ethical melodrama of the same name by Charles E. Blaney. It played the Blaney theatres in Newark, N. J., Philadelphia, Pa., Baltimore, Md., and Scranton, Pa. J. S. Ogilvie Co. published the novelized version. I'm sure there were many more melodramas of that type when I was young and went to Blaney's here in my home town. But I cannot recall any other titles, and the copy of Playbook before me lists in that category only The Curse of Drink (but I see the title of another melodrama I saw and remember—Nathan Hale: the Martyr Spy).

Here's a list of temperance dime novels which probably isn't complete but will give you some idea of how Publisher Frank Tousey (and later his brother Sinclair) plugged the temperance novel:

YOUNG MEN OF AMERICA

- Ben O' the Bowl; or, The Road to Ruin, #238-251 24 PL
- Broken Bottle, The; or, A Jolly Good Fellow, 34-41 and 432-441 211 PL
- Broken Pledge, The; or, Downward Step by Step, 420-431 108 PL
- Dark Corners of New York, The, 28-37 7 All Around
- Dick Duncan; or, The Blight of the Bowl, 161-172 83 PL
- Discarded Son, The; or, The Curse of Drink, 299-309 92 PL
- Drunkard's Son, The, 18-25
- Drunkard's Victim, The, 377-387, 134 PL
- Drunkard's Warning, The; or, The Fruits of the Wine Cup, 465-471 154 PL

DIME NOVEL ROUNDUP—Vol. 37, No. 11, Whole No. 434, November 15, 1968
Published monthly at 821 Vermont St., Lawrence, Kansas 66044. Edited by Edward T. LeBlanc, 87 School St., Fall River, Mass. 02720. Second class postage paid at Lawrence, Kansas. Assistant Editor, Ralph F. Cummings, 161 Pleasant St., South Grafton, Mass. 01560. Subscription: \$3.00 per year. Ad Rates—9c per word, \$1.50 per column inch; \$3.25 per quarter page, \$4.50 per half page and \$7.50 per page. Ads should be submitted by the 15th of the month in order to assure publication in the following month's issue.

Farmer's Son, The; or, A Young Clerk's Downfall, 515-522 137 PL
 Fatal Glass, The; or, The Traps and Snares of New York, 89-98 492-502 243 PL

First Glass, The; or, The Woes of Wine, 132-143, 77 PL

Fred Farrell, the Barkeeper's Son, 186-198 16 PL

Glass of Wine, A; or, Ruined by a Social Club, 402-410 115 PL

His First Drink; or, Wrecked by Wine 331-343 103 PL

Joe Wiley, the Young Temperance Lecturer, 77-87 6 PL

Lively Eight Social Club, The; or, From Cider to Rum, 104-112 356 PL

Merry Mat; or, The Will-o-the-Wisp of Wine, 219-230 366 PL

Merry Ten, The; or, The Shadow of a Social Club, 67-75 259 PL

Old Stone Jug, The; or, Wine, Cards and Ruin, 346-355 138 PL

On the Brink; or, The Perils of Social Drinking, 505-513 127 PL

Poisoned Wine, The, 279-286, 332 PL
 Shattered Glass, The, 263-271, 293 PL

Whiskey Bill; or, The Road to Ruin, 117-126, Probably 306 PL

Wildest Boy in New York, The; or, Saved at the Brink, 600-608, 530 PL

Young Crusader, The, 449-457 149 PL

GOLDEN WEEKLY

Led Astray in New York; or, A Country Boy's Career in a Great City 57-64 349 PL

BOYS OF NEW YORK

His First Glass of Wine; or, The Temptations of City Life, 974-981 190 PL

Road to Ruin, The; or, The Snares and Temptations of New York, 988-995 276 PL

WIDE AWAKE LIBRARY

763 His First Drink; or, A Country Boy's Life in New York

728 The Valleydale Social Club; or, Ruined by Wine

HAPPY DAYS

Bob and the Black Bottle; or, In the Shadow of Ruin, 413-416 846 PL

Boy Behind the Bar, The, and The Terrible Stories He Told, 438-441
 Dick Haley's Danger; or, Ruined by the Social Glass, 878-881

Downward Pace, The; or, Ben, the Bartender's Boy, 989-992

Drunkard's Boy, A; or, Joe Darling's Fight for His Mother, 398-401 841 PL

George Graham's Grit; or, Fighting the Demon of Drink, 467-470

His Only Folly; or, Fighting Against Temptation ?

Sid and the Social Glass; or, Saved from Ruin, 847-850

Tom Taylor's Temptation; or, The Evils of the Social Glass, 911-914

Too Fast to Last; or, A Young Bank Clerk's Temptation, 939-942

Truthful James; or, The Boy Who Would Not Drink, 596-599

PLUCK AND LUCK

See YOUNG MEN OF AMERICA, BOYS OF NEW YORK, GOLD-EN WEEKLY and HAPPY DAYS

ALL AROUND WEEKLY

3 Wine and Cards

17 Ruined by Wine

7 Dark Corners of New York

32 The Landlord's Son; or, Saved from a Drunkard's Grave

38 Saved in Time; or, The Downward Course

BOYS STAR LIBRARY

12 Wine and Cards

62 Ruined by Wine

131 From Wine to Ruin; or, Jack Jordan's Peril

226 The Broken Bottle; or, A Jolly Good Fellow

237 The Merry Ten; or, The Shadows of a Social Club

249 The Fatal Glass; or, The Traps and Snares of New York

264 The Lively Eight Social Club; or, From Cider to Rum

280 Whiskey Bill; or, The Road to Ruin

301 Merry Matt; or, The Will-O-the Wisp of Wine

305 The Shattered Glass; or, A Country Boy in New York

WORK AND WIN

540 Fred Fearnott and "Broadway

- Bob"; or, Saving a Man from Ruin
- 630 Fred Fearnot and the Boy Millionaire; or, On the Road to Ruin
- 461 Fred Fearnot and the Drunkard; or, Saving a Good Man from Ruin
- 382 Fred Fearnot and the Drunkard's Son; or, A Hot Fight Against Rum
- 481 Fred Fearnot and the Reformed Drunkard; or, His Greatest Temperance Crusade
- 415 Fred Fearnot and the Temperance Boy; or, Driving Out the Home Wreckers
- 561 Fred Fearnot and the Temperance Girl; or, Winning a Great Fight Against Rum
- 362 Fred Fearnot and the Temperance Man; or, Putting Down the Rum Sellers
- 717 Fred Fearnot and the Tippler; or, Reforming a Drunkard
- 684 Fred Fearnot and the Town Toper; or, Saving a Boy from Ruin
- 388 Fred Fearnot's Promise; or, Helping a Drunkard's Boy
- 304 Fred Fearnot's Temperance Lectures; or, Fighting Rum and Ruin
- 614 Fred Fearnot's Temperance Play; or, Fighting Drink With Drama
- 422 Fred Fearnot's Temperance Talk; or, Pleading a Good Cause
- 542 Fred Fearnot's Temperance War; or, Cleaning Up a Bad Town
- 608 Fred Fearnot's War on Drink; or, Reforming a Hard Crowd

I have selected No. 3 of All Around Weekly, WINE AND CARDS, to show how Harvey K. Shackelford handled the temperance theme in stories of this kind he wrote for Tousey publications, usually under the pseudonym "John B. Dowd":

"A few years ago Cyril Van Dyke returned to his home in Glenham, a lovely village just outside of New York, crowned with the honors of his class in college. He was a bright, active athlete, the pride of his parents, and respected by all who knew him. Everybody wanted to take him

by the hand when he appeared on the streets of Glenham the next day and give him a cordial welcome home again.

"The first of his old chums he met was Charlie Denton. They had been schoolmates together in the village before he went away to college.

"Hello, Cyril!" exclaimed Charlie, grasping his hand and applying the pump-handle motion with forty-horse power. 'Glad all over to see you, fellow! How is it with you, anyhow?'

"Everything is right side up with care, Charlie," said Cyril, reciprocating the pump-handle energy of his chum's greeting. 'How has it been with you, old boy?'

"Oh, lively enough during the years you've been gone," replied Charlie. 'I've grown to six feet and can walk right through the old crowd,' and the young man displayed his muscles by clenching his right hand and bending his right arm.

"Cyril laughed good-naturedly and asked, 'Do you get in as many fights as you used to when we were boys?'

"Of course not. I don't go round with a chip on my shoulder now," and again the two old friends laughed over the recollections of their school days 'Boys are not always boys.'

"No, we grow out of many things and into others that we know not of," said Cyril, with a certain far-away look in his eyes, as though he was thinking of the times when he and Charlie were romping boys together.

"Yes, that's so," assented Denton. 'They didn't allow us to drink wine and play cards when we were kids, but he can do all that now and see where the fun is. Come in here,' and Charlie stopped in front of a well-known saloon on the main street. 'Old Maxwell keeps the best wine in Glenham now.'

"Excuse me, Charlie," said Cyril, 'but I don't drink wine.'

"The deuce you don't!" exclaimed Charlie in unfeigned surprise. 'Then you haven't learned as much as I thought you had. You're not much of a boy yet. But it's never too late to

learn. Try a glass and take your first lesson.'

"No," said Cyril firmly. 'I never drink; I am opposed to it on principle.'

"Oh, Lord!" gasped Charlie. 'We'll have to take you in hand and give you a few finishing touches to make you worthy of your diploma. Take a cigar, then?'

"I never smoke or chew or —"

"Holy smoke!" exclaimed Denton. 'I'll raise the crowd on you, Cyril. and run you out of town! What in the world have you been doing at college all these four years? They won't get another student from Glenham if that's the kind of graduates they turn out.'

"Cyril laughed, and running his arm through Denton's, said:

"Let's walk on and I'll tell you what I did at college.'

"But it's awful dry talking, Cyril. It's contrary to the constitutional customs of the country.'

"Such a custom is more honored in the breach than in the observance of it," said Cyril, as they walked away up the street. 'You see, Charlie, I went to college to complete my education.'

"And came back not knowing as much as when you went away.'

"Not so fast, if you please, said Cyril, laughing. 'I went there to learn all I could during my stay. I soon found out that if I came out with credit to myself I would have to study hard. The other boys spent a great deal of their time at baseball and rowing-matches, but I held on to my books. While they were out on jamborees — drinking, dancing and singing songs — I was poring over my books in my room. The result was I came away with all the honors of the class.'

"Well, what if you did?" said Charlie. 'You won't get along in the world any better than the rest of the class, and they had all the fun.'

"I don't know about that. Some of them may become drunkards and criminals, through habits contracted at college, while I can never be a

drunkard if I never drink,' said Cyril, conscious that he had the best of the argument.

"That is all stuff," declared Denton. 'Some of the greatest criminals were men who never drank.'

"And some of the greatest drunkards were total abstinence men, too, why don't you say," remarked Cyril sarcastically."

This persiflage goes on for another block or two, when they meet Lew Terrell, another old school chum of theirs. Lew immediately suggests they have a drink at Maxwell's. When Cyril refuses, Lew swaps some sarcastic remarks with him, and leaves Cyril and Denton abruptly. Evidently this is young Van Dyke's bad morning for, later, he and Denton encounter a friend who has obviously been drinking, and Denton admits he "gets a little too much aboard every day."

"He will die a drunkard, Charlie."

"If he wanted to stop, I guess he could do it."

"I doubt that. It has gotten the upper hand of him, and will keep it. No, Charlie, no wine nor cards for me. I prefer to go without them."

If his old chums didn't approve of him, at least "every good businessman in Glenham commended young Van Dyke's temperance principles. Parents with sons spoke of him as a model young man, and mothers with marriageable daughters smiled upon him whenever they met. The young ladies declared that he was 'just too good for anything,' and all the young men inwardly swore at him, and resolved to tempt him to do something wicked, in order to get a rest from so many lectures on their conduct...

"One day he was at a picnic in a large grove, two miles from Glenham, to which similar parties came every summer. On the same day a party of roughs from the city arrived for the purpose of spending several hours under the shade of the trees at the spring.

"The pretty village maidens from Glenham were an attraction the roughs could not resist and some tried to force their company on the girls.

The latter at once moved to the other end of the grove with their escorts, to avoid those from the city.

"Eunice Edgerton was the prettiest girl in Glenham, and she had Cyril Van Dyke for her escort that day. Cyril was as attentive to her as she could wish. But a bully among the intruders had seen her and was determined to make her acquaintance. In fact, one of his pals wagered he could not, and he accepted the bet.

"He walked boldly up to where Eunice and a half dozen of her friends were seated in the shade of a large oak and said:

"Miss, they all say down at the spring that you're the prettiest girl on the picnic ground, and I've come up to make your acquaint —"

"You are not wanted here!" Cyril interrupted, rising to his feet. "Go back to your friends and leave these ladies alone!"

"You going to try'n make me-- if I don't?" sneered the rough, who was muscular-looking and well dressed.

"Cyril's eyes narrowed. The girls looked at him, too frightened to speak. He walked up to the intruder and said in a very firm yet quiet tone of voice.

"Take my advice and go away. You may get hurt and we don't want any disturbance."

"Oh, I'll get hurt, will I?" sneered the rough. "Maybe you'll do the hurting, eh?"

"Yes," was the quiet reply.

"Then try it!" the fellow's right hand stretched out and slapped Cyril hard on the cheek.

"Straight from the shoulder Cyril's own right lashed back and the rough turned rubber-legged and flattened in the grass. The girls sprang to their feet and screamed. The young men from Glenham rushed to the spot, so did the roughs from the city.

"Let me at the blasted cub!" roared the city tough, scrambling to his feet and throwing off his coat. "I'll chaw him up!"

"You can't chaw anybody in this party," said Cyril coolly, taking off

his coat and handing it, with his watch, to Eunice.

"Oh, Cyril!" pleaded Eunice. "Don't fight him! Let's all go home."

But at that moment the rough charged into Cyril, putting him on the defensive at first. Van Dyke slugged back, finally the city tough began to give ground and down he went a second time. His companions rushed to his assistance. Cyril welcomed the sudden onslaught of his Glenham friends, as the fight turned into a free-for-all, a real slugging match. Eunice and the other girls were gathered a short distance away, not knowing what to do as they awaited the outcome of the biggest fist fight any of them had ever witnessed or were likely to again.

Some stone throwing entered into it as the Glenhamites proved themselves the hardest hitters, and the New York boys departed on the run. The Glenham boys cheered, all but Cyril Van Dyke, who had done his share and more of the fighting. It was discovered, as they returned from chasing the gang, sweating, some bloody-nosed, nearly all with shirts torn and ties ripped, that Cyril wasn't with them. He was stretched flat on the trampled ground and Eunice, who had watched him with anxious eyes all through the fighting, led the group of girls to his side. He appeared badly beaten . . .

"Oh, he is dead!" she screamed, and taking his head in her lap, brushed back the blood-clotted hair, and rained tears on his pallid face.

"Water!" cried another girl. "I'll get some," and she seized a pitcher and ran to the spring, returning quickly.

"The water didn't revive him when splashed in his face. But one of the young men in the Glenham party was a graduate of a medical college, who had returned home with a diploma only a week before. Young Doctor Bedford examined Van Dyke carefully, especially his battered head. Cyril remained unconscious, moaning as if in pain.

"We must get him home as soon

as possible,' said Bedford. 'It is a serious hurt and I'd like to have Dr. Adams see him.'

"As they all had come out in wagons, they were soon ready to return to the village. The people of Glenham were thrown into a fever of excitement when the party of young picnickers came back so early in the day. When they learned the cause, a local reporter relayed the news to the city and asked for detectives to ferret out and arrest the assailants.

"In the meantime, Cyril Van Dyke had been put to bed and Dr. Adams summoned.

"You did just right, Dr. Bedford,' he said, turning to the young doctor who had dressed the head wound as well as he was able at the picnic grounds, 'and no more can be done except to restore consciousness.'

"But ten hours passed and Cyril did not arouse except to rave and mutter incoherently. Dr. Adams had left word with the family to send for him as soon as the patient awoke . . .

"After a sleep of thirty hours he at last woke up and asked, 'What's the matter with my head?', at the same time trying to tear away the bandages.

"Oh, don't touch it, Cyril!' exclaimed his mother, hurrying to the bedside and catching his hand. 'You have been badly hurt and the doctor says you must be quiet.'

"Who hurt me?"

"Some young men from New York attacked you at the picnic the other day and you were struck very hard on the head. Don't you remember it, Cyril?"

"Not a thing about it,' he replied, 'but if I catch 'em again . . . why, I can lick any boy my size in Glenham,' and he started to rise from the bed."

Mrs. Van Dyke persuades him to wait until after Dr. Adams has been called and had a look at him. But he does not remember the picnic nor anything about the fight, although he adds:

"If you'll tell me who did it, I'll pound the stuffing out of him."

"My poor boy!' his mother moaned, putting her face in her hands.

"What's the matter with you, mother? You must be off your nut so go on that way!"

"He had never talked that way to her before, she was more upset than ever. Dr. Adams came in just then and Mrs. Van Dyke went to him with:

"Oh, Dr. Adams, my poor boy is out of his head. He talks and acts so strangely, and I can do nothing with him."

"Eh, what's that?" the doctor asked, adjusting his glasses and looking at Cyril. 'What's the matter with you, young man?"

The answers Cyril gives the doctor's questions puzzle Adams about his real condition. "Let me see how that wound looks,' he says at last.

It appears to be healing well. There is no fever to indicate concussion, though he certainly suffered a hard blow or several of them from a flint-like fist.

"Keep him quiet for a day or two and we'll see how he is then,' Dr. Adams said as he left.

"Cyril asked, 'What was all that stuff you were giving doc about me being off my nut, mother?"

"My son, why do you use such language, and you a grown man, too?"

"Grown man be hanged,' Cyril snapped. 'I ain't but sixteen nohow. Say, what's the matter with you anyhow?"

Mrs. Van Dyke was overcome with horror. She sent for her husband to come home at once. He arrived shortly.

"Cyril again? What now?"

"Oh, go and see him. He talks just like a great rude boy of fifteen, and tells me he is only sixteen years old instead of twenty-three."

"Frowning, Mr. Van Dyke walked into the room where Cyril was sitting by the window, whistling on a stick with his pen-knife.

"Well, my boy,' he said as he entered. 'How do you feel now?"

"Oh, I'm all right,' replied Cyril. 'I just want to find the chap that hit me. I'll make his head ring like

a tin pan kicked by a mule.'

"Don't you have any idea how you came to be hurt?"

No, he doesn't; he doesn't remember any picnic, he doesn't remember any gang of fellows from New York.

"Mr. Van Dyke went to his secretary (desk) and took therefrom the parchment diploma granted him by the faculty of Yale College. He carried it to Cyril. 'Do you know anything about that?' he asked.

"Cyril looked it over and saw his name filled in in the proper places on the parchment, all the rest being in Latin. He shook his head:

"'All Dutch to me. What is it, anyhow?'

"'Can't you read it, Cyril?' his mother asked, knowing that he was a fine Latin scholar.

"'Not a word except my name. What in thunder is it?'

"'It is your diploma from Yale,' answered Mrs. Van Dyke.

"There was a look of keen distress on Mr. Van Dyke's face. 'Can you read this?' he asked, taking up a book and handing it to Cyril.

"'Of course I can,' he replied. 'Do you take me for a dummy?' and he proceeded to read aloud as he used to when a lad of fifteen or sixteen.

"'Do you know Charlie Denton?'

"Cyril burst out laughing in the old boyish laugh of his youth.

"'Of course I do. I say, when are you goin to go?'

"'Go where?' his father asked.

"'To the lunatic asylum.'

(to be continued)

1930, the only one in existence that I know of.—Richard S. Sprague, Orono, Maine.

Dear Mr. LeBlanc: There is a way to brighten and clean up soiled and tired looking hard back juveniles and to give them a sparkle again. Anyone interested, contact me. I also have many Dave Porters and Jack Rangers for sale.—Jack Shorr, 853 So. Lemon St., Anaheim, California 92805.

Gentlemen: In your March 1968 issue an article by Gerard J. McIntosh wrote about Gilbert Patten using Burt R. Braddock as a pseudonym. I have some old copies of Golden Hours and found the following list of short stories by Burt R. Braddock: Nos. 331-332-333 Snaps (in 3 parts)

335 Me and Fred

337 My Electrical Experience

339 Biography of Burt R. Braddock

340 My Neighbor Jones

343 The Tale of a Toothache

347 Writing Something Funny

351 My Cough

354 That Donation

357 The Boy Who Winked

362 Buying a Cottage

364 My Neighbor's Dog

369 Handy Hans

373 How I Fished

376 A Bad Man

379 The Late Reuben Plum

384 Our Own Dog

387 Hi Jinks

393 A Hot Day

—William Reinecke, Villa Park, Ill.

(Thank you very much for the list. Can anyone add to it)

EXCERPTS FROM LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Dear Mr. LeBlanc: I believe you would be interested in an article soon to appear in a forthcoming University of Maine Studies. The article is called "Virgin Timber — The Maine Woods as the locale for Juvenile Fiction." It is written by Professor David C. Smith of the History Department here. It is a 30-page article with an extensive bibliography of boys' books about the Maine woods, 1840-

WANTED

Golden Days, Vols. 3, 16, 17, 18, and 19. Single copies in long runs are also acceptable. Also interested in other boys' papers such as Chatterbox, St. Nicholas, Good News, Golden Argosy, old issues of Saturday Evening Post and other adult papers from 1870 to 1900. State price and condition. Algiers also wanted.

ARTHUR N. CARTER

13B Falmouth St.

Attleboro, Mass. 02708

CHARLES ROTHSTEIN COLLECTS FLORIDA DIME NOVELS

By Jane Hamlin

Reprinted from the Ft. Myers, Fla., News-Press

"Crack, Crack! Two pistol shots rang out and Elsie heard the voice of Bart Hodge crying, "Take that, you prize beauty."

Thus the hero of a Frank Merriwell shocker puts two bullets in a mammoth alligator to begin another Florida dime novel saga, "Frank Merriwell's Party" or "The Cruise of the Petrel."

To read this or any one of nearly 100 thrillers published in the late 1800's and early 1900's, one should visit Charles Rothstein, collector extraordinaire.

Rothstein, former manager of the Brattle Book Shop in Boston boasts one of the most complete Florida dime novel collections in existence. Interested in Florida because for many years he spent his winters here, Rothstein concentrates on searching out only stories of this state.

Beadle's Pocket Library, Munro's Ten Cent Novels, Tip Top Weekly, "an ideal publication for the American youth," and the Nickel Library were all examples of the blood and thunder, sudden death and high flown writing of this vanished literary form.

Rothstein's collection, brittle pages encased in plastic, includes "Fear Not in the Big Swamp, or Exciting Times in the Everglades," an 1896 thriller, "The Phantom of the Everglades" and "Checkered Trails, or Under the Palmettos."

Even that Wild West favorite, Buffalo Bill came to Florida. In Buffalo Bill's Weekly, published in 1913, Cody

and his side kick met the Florida Indians in "Pawnee Bill and the Seminoles."

In 1905, a colorful illustration for "Link Rover on his Mettle" shows the hero garbed in a black rubber suit much like the Scuba diving gear of today, as he wrestled with Indians and Alligators in the Spanish moss-draped Everglades.

Beadle sold over 2,500,000 of this type of story in the first three years of his business, Rothstein pointed out. This was in a time when 20,000 sales made a book a best seller.

Rothstein, who now lives year 'round in Naples, is running out of storage space for his collections but still advertises for rare copies of the dime novel.

NEWSLETTER

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- 295. Carl H. Anderson, The Home Life Insurance Co., Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa. 19106 (New member)
- 191. Richard J. Hoffman, 1868 Linwood Ave., Niagara Falls, N. Y. 14305 (New address)
- 296. Tom Dino, 511 19th St., Union City, New Jersey 07087 (New member)
- 297. Robert L. Johnson, Box 1732, Bisbee, Arizona 85603 (New member)
- 257. Frederick S. Cook, 1722 Maunta Lane, Jackson, Mich. 49201 (New add.)

WANTED TO BUY

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ATTENTION OLD TIMERS

Advanced collector of Gil Patten desires to secure following books of this
author to complete his library. (Of course, Patten not only wrote under his
own name, but pseudonyms of Burt L. Standish, Winn Standish, Morgan Scott
and Gordon Braddock.)

1. Don Kirk's Mine, by Patten, McKay, Pub.
2. Deadwood Trail, by Patten, Appleton, Pub.
3. Bill Bruce of Harvard, by Patten, Appleton, Pub.
4. Clif Stirling, Stroke of the Crew, Patten, McKay, Pub.
5. Rex Kingdon at Walcott Hall, Braddock, Hurst, Pub.
6. Rex Kingdon of Ridgewood High, Braddock, Hurst, Pub.
7. Jack Lorimer, Freshman, Winn Standish, Page, Pub.
8. Frank Merriwell's Schooldays, Burt L. Standish, McKay, Pub.
9. Frank Merriwell's Skull, Burt L. Standish, McKay, Pub.
10. Covering the Look-in Corner, Burt L. Standish, Barse & Hopkins.
11. Lefty Locke, Pitcher, Manager, Burt L. Standish, Barse & Hopkins.
12. Guarding the Keystone Sack, Burt L. Standish, Barse & Hopkins.
13. The Man on First, Burt L. Standish, Barse & Hopkins.
14. Crossed Signals, Burt L. Standish, Barse.
15. Numbers 23, 62, 75, 76 and 89 paperbacks in the Merriwell Series.
Nos. 10 through 13 must have 4 illustrations.

Will purchase the above outright if in good condition, or will trade from
my collection of some 100 duplicates.

LEO F. MOORE

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